How couldſt thou draine the life bloud of the childe,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withall,
And yet be ſeene to beare a womans face?
Women are milde, pittifull, and flexible,
Thou indurate, ſterne, rough, remorceleſſe.
Bids thou me rage? why now thou haſt thy will;
Would'ſt haue me weepe? why ſo thou haſt thy wiſh,
For rageing windes blowes vp a ſtorme of teares,
And when the rage alayes, the raine begins.
Theſe teares are my ſweete *Rutlands* obſequies,
And euery drop, begges vengeance as it falles,
On thee fell *Clifford*, and the falſe French woman.
North. Beſhrew me, but his paſſions mooue me ſo,
As hardly can I checke mine eyes from teares.
Yorke. That face of his, the hungry Cannibals
Could not haue toucht, would not haue ſtaind with blood:
But you are more inhumaine, more inexorable,
O ten times more then Tygers of *Arcadia*.
See ruthleſſe Queene a hapleſſe fathers teares,
This cloth thou dipts in bloud of my ſweete Boy,
And loe, with teares I waſh the bloud away.
Keepe thou the Napkin, and goe boaſt of that:
And if thou tell the heauie ſtorie well,
Vpon my ſoule, the hearers will ſhead teares,
I, euen my foes will ſhed faſt falling teares,
And ſay; Alas, it was a pirteous deed.
Here, take the Crowne; and with the Crowne my curſſe,
And in thy need, ſuch comfort come to thee,
As now I reape at thy two cruell hands.
Hard-harted *Clifford*, take me from the worlde,
My ſoule to heauen, my bloud vpon your heads.
North. Had he bin ſlaughterman to all my kin,
I could not chuſe but weepe with him to ſee,
How inlie anger gripes his hart.
Quee. What weeping ripe, my Lord *Northumberland?*
Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,
And that will quickly drie your melting teares.
Clif. Thears for mine oath, thears for my fathers death.

Quee. And thears to
Yor. Open thy gate
My ſoule flies foorth t
Quee. Off with his
So *Yorke* may ouerlook

Enter Edw

Edw. After this dar
How doth my noble b
Rich. I cannot ioy v
Where our right valie
How often did I ſee h
As doth a Lion midſt
So fled his Enemies ou
Me thinkes tis pride en

Thre Sunn

Edw. Loe how the
And takes her farewell
Daſell mine eies? or d
Rich. Three glori
But ſeuered in a pale c
See, ſee, they ioyne, em
As if they vowde ſome
Now are they but one
In this the heauens do
Edw. I thinke it cit
That we the Sonnes
Alreadie each one ſhi
May ioyne in one and
As this the earth, and
Ile beare vpon my Ta
But what art thou tha
Meſ. Oh one tha
When as the noble D
Edw. Oh ſpeake
Rich. Tell on thy
Meſ. When as the